

LITTLE JOHN AND MELBOURNE'S Last Struggle.

Lord John and Melbourne they did meet,
As walking up St. James's street,
Lord John did thus to Melbourne greet,
What means this great oration?
There's forty-nine men with some demand
With great petitions in their hands,
Which will cover twelve acres of Irish land,
They've just arrived in London.
Lord John, they are those delegates,
That's kick'd up such a noise of late,
With their commander O'Connor so great,
For to obtain the suffrage.

CHORUS.

So the torch-light-lads will pepper away
With their clogs they will us pay,
They are tipt with steel I heard them say,
The devil they are says Melbourne.

From every town both far and near,
To the new Parliament house they've come here,
Which fills my heart with dread and fear,
I wish that Green's balloon was here,
That we might fly to the German shore,
With the Queen dowager to deplore,
From the Stephenites for ever more,
To dwell on Tingelara's shore,
For the Stephenites they'll cross our wigs,
And make us dance a Radical jig,
And for us they don't care a fig,
Lord John they don't, says Melbourne.

They've opened a Parliament house of their own,
And swear they'll make us for to groan,
And make us dine of a bare bone,
Strange work for us says Melbourne.
Subscriptions they have rais'd of late,
In every town both small and great,
For to support each delegate,
They are doing it brown, says Melbourne,
Our wigs that are so fine and gay,
They make to curl the other way.
And our dandy collars they'll clip they say,
You frighten me dear Melbourne.

There's Richard Oastler the Yorkshire pet,
He says he'll give us such a sweat,
As we have never dreamed of yet,
For building the poor law bastiles,

Then there's Stephen's great band,
Of Radical lads with torch in hand,
Determined for to sweep the land,
They swear those buildings shall not stand,
Oh dear John I told you true.
When the bastiles they were built by you,
That the people you could not subdue,
They'll pull them down says Melbourne.

Next comes O'Connor with the demand,
With a great shilela in his hand,
He swears he'll make us understand,
The sprig that grows in Paddy's land,
The black thorn exercise he'll shew,
And tip to us the mother of sloe,
Oh dear, oh dear, what shall we do,
Says little John to Melbourne,
Says Melbourne nothing else will do,
To satisfy the Radical crew,
But vote by Ballot and the Suffrage too,
Then we are undone says Melbourne.

There's Taylor from the Scottish land,
Has thousands at his own command,
And swears by Stephen he will stand,
To free him from all danger,
He says they are all in good order,
And his foes he'll put into disorder,
He'll march the blue bonnets o'er the border.
Oh, save us from the sawneys,
If that be so Lord John did say,
It's here no longer I will stay,
I'll take a job and cut away,
Good bye says John to Melbourne.

Stop John, I will tell you how to please,
Those greedy set of hungry slaves,
For they are wild and wicked knaves,
As you well know says Melbourne,
Repeal for them the Corn law bill,
That they their hungry bags may fill,
Then you may do just as they will,
Unto the new Convention.
Your advice is good my friend its true,
But the Radicals say it will not do,
Without the Ballot and suffrage too,
The devil it wont says Melbourne.

